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Health, Happiness and . . .

HOT WATER

"I know of no better foundation for a child's success in later life than to build in his mind a proper respect for hot-water," remarked a physician, himself the father of two sturdy boys and a rosy-cheeked little daughter.

"The child that has been properly trained grows up regarding scrupulous personal cleanliness as the natural thing. This cleanliness expresses itself first in greater resistance to disease, in better health. Without perfect cleanliness no boy or girl, man or woman can be truly beautiful or even attractive. Boys and girls who have formed the 'hot-water habit' from childhood become the healthy-skinned, well-groomed men and women to whom the doors of business and social opportunity swing open most often."

Ample hot water at an economical cost is assured with a gas storage water heater.

Pittsfield · Coal · Gas · Company

USE GAS—THE BETTER FUEL

THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1932

No. 5

BOARD OF EDITORS

Faculty Adviser, Miss Madeline E. Pfeiffer

Editor-in-Chief, Edward J. Michelson

Short Stories
Essays
Poetry
News Notes
Specials
Alumni
Exchanges
Cartoons
Jokes
Sports

Miriam Mirmow
Sidney Morey
Esther Nicholson
Robert Morrison
Frank Wetstein
Charles Kellogg
Frances Norton
Irving Michelman
Victor De Fazio
Sam Boxer

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Faculty Adviser, Mr. Joseph Nugent

Business Manager, Fred Brazee

Assistants, Edward Elms, Ruth Levine, Viola Surowiec, William Elliott



TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIALS	5
LITERATURE	7
POETRY	16
ESSAYS AND SPECIALS	19
SCHOOL NOTES	24
ALUMNI	27
EXCHANGES	29
SPORTS	31
DRIPPINGS	34
PEN POINTS	37
ADVERTISING	39





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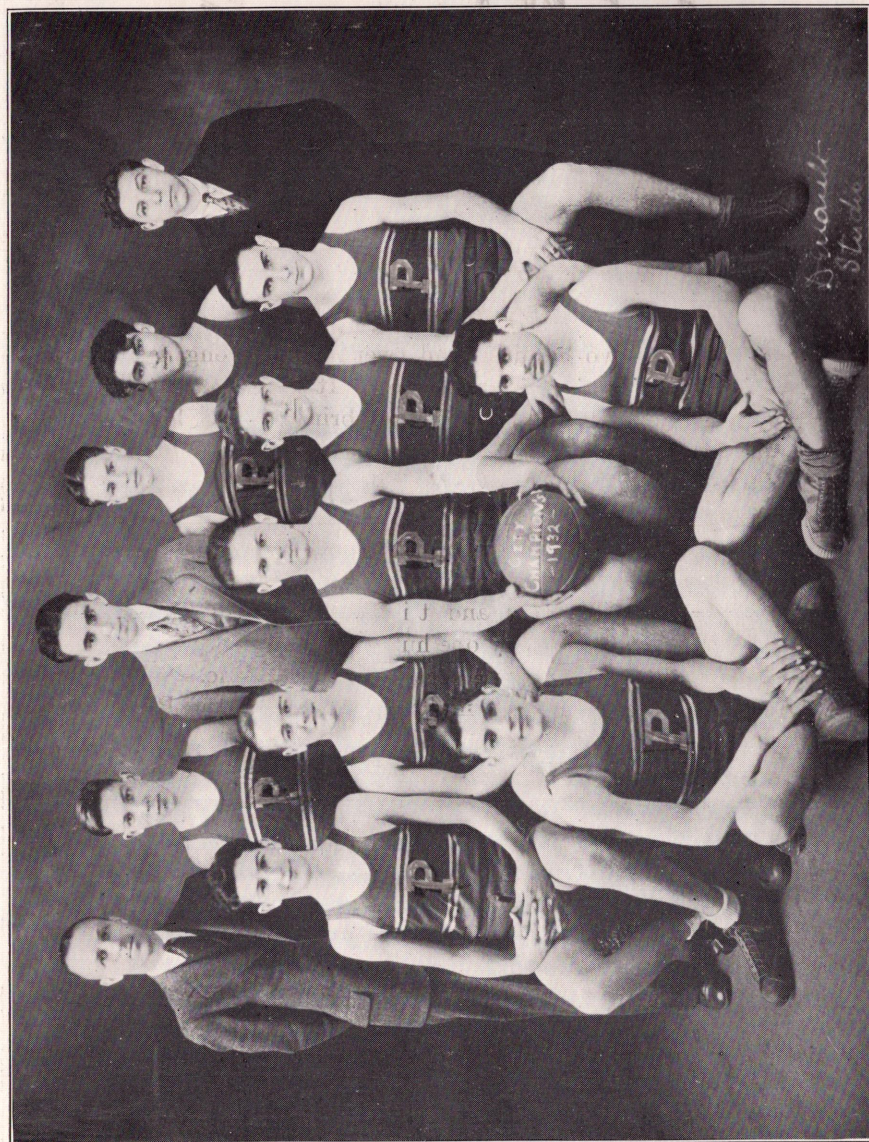
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIALS	5
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THE P. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM—CITY CHAMPIONS 1932

EDITORIALS



A Warning

THE Senior A Class, two hundred and twenty-five strong, is gayly dashing down the home stretch toward graduation. It is quite common for students of the highest class to slacken their pace as they bring their high school careers to a close, but such neglect has been tragic for those who are eventually left behind.

If the student has any amount of foresight; if he has any desire to graduate with his class, he should *think*, especially when social affairs and extra-curricular work threaten to affect his studies. Too many tears have been shed by "P. P. G.'s" who could easily have made the grade. But the machinery of the school system has no regard for sad cases; and it is not a secret that a few of the June class will have attained the necessary one hundred and twenty points at the close of the term, only by passing every subject in their schedule.

Three months remain before we make our exit from the Pittsfield schools. In those three months, some of us must do a great deal, while others must not slip. So, Senior A's, as we go into that last lap, let's not stumble, but keep right on going!

A Senior A.

On Debating

THE debating teams representing the high schools of Berkshire County created considerable interest in forensics when they met recently to argue the direct primary. Speeches presented by the students were the products of many weeks' work, collecting facts, arranging them, and preparing arguments for delivery.

Although the debaters did not appear in the spotlight as much as the basketball players, this month, they gained much benefit from their experience. The pamphlets, periodicals, and books which they studied, embodied a vast amount of information concerning the American methods of selecting candidates for public offices. When the speakers were obliged to refute arguments, they had to think on their feet. Above all, they were striving to gain a most valuable asset—the ability to speak with poise, assurance, and some degree of eloquence.

Even the student body of our school and of other schools where debates were held acquired some knowledge. Whether students listened attentively or gazed into space; whether they talked furtively or dreamed for hours, the exposure to

learning *must* have had some effect. If this were not true, Berkshire County educators would not have excused everyone from classes to attend the debates.

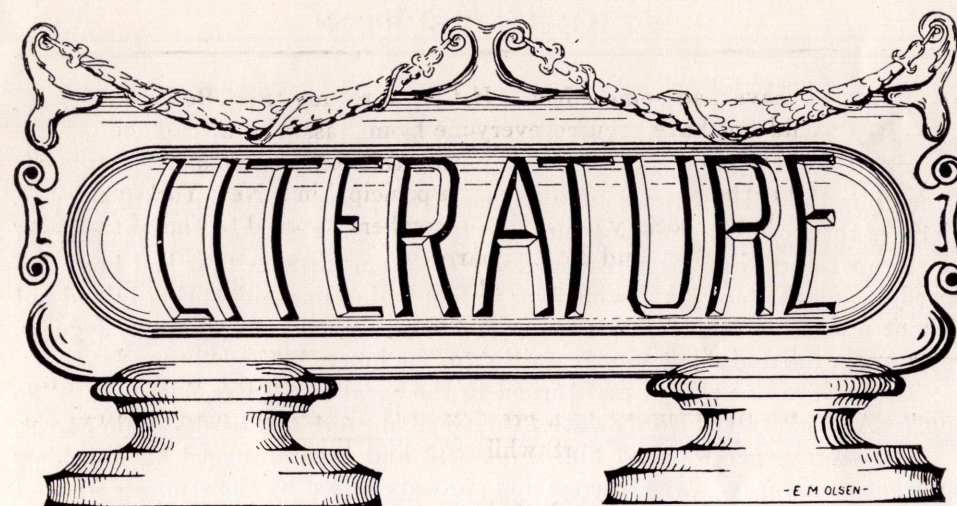
Yet there are many problems concerning this extra-curricular activity confronting school authorities. For instance, a principal in a New York high school dissolved the debating society because the members resorted to underhand methods. The bluffing, lying, and bitter quarreling were, he thought, undesirable, while the desire to be victorious created much ill feeling. Such conditions, the headmaster felt, were injurious to the best interests of the school. Debating was preparing a large crop of future shyster lawyers and crooked politicians.

The agencies which supply debaters with ready-written speeches on any topic are destroying initiative to a great extent. There are many sources from which a student may procure worthwhile papers. Plagiarism is a common practice.

But events have not yet reached the state where it is imperative to discontinue the work of the County League. For several years the debates have been highly successful and the increased impetus given to the activity has aroused some enthusiasm. Nevertheless, all high school students should have experience and practical knowledge in forensics. There exists a lack of initiative on the part of many who want to debate. Many students labor under the misapprehension that the Debating Club is an exclusive body with a restricted membership. Such is not the case. The Debating Club welcomes new members and hopes that anyone interested in this activity will enroll at the earliest opportunity.

The Editor

The Student's Pen thanks the Pittsfield Art League, on behalf of the members of Pittsfield High School, for the painting by Mr. George Dennison, which was recently presented to the school.



Like Uncle, Like Nephew

STANDING in the doorway of J. Taylor's General Store in the little flourishing town of Redwood, Ohio, one can easily see across Main Street directly into the dusty glass windows of the little office with the sign over the door which reads, "Samuel Richards—Attorney." Lawyer Richards' office faces east, and because of this fact, on hot summer afternoons one can always find a group of quiet, idle people in front of its unimposing doors, gathered there to escape the glaring rays of the sun and to gossip about the various personages of the town.

However, in winter there are no privileged portions of Main Street, and gossipers choose warmer and cheerier places to congregate and pass judgment. Because of this, it is hard to find a spot that is bleaker, lonelier, and more desolate than Mr. Richards' Law Office when there are icicles dipping from its simple but informative sign, when gray dusty snow is settled still on the dirty window sills of its cheerless, bleak, windows; and when the icy sidewalk in front of the building is free of human passersby.

The forlorn young man standing in the vantage point of the doorway of Mr. Taylor's General Store and gazing across at the building in question, evidently thought so. Hands in the pockets of his shabby overcoat, and hat pulled down over his steadfast eyes, he was the picture of dejection. He seemed to be reluctantly contemplating crossing the short gap that separated him from the formidable little office in which was burning a single gloomy electric light, and yet he could not stay where he was, for twilight was upon the town, making the street more desolate than ever, and Mr. Taylor was making last preparations for closing his store for the night.

Yet, if the young man had wished to find a more cheery scene to brighten his gaze, Redwood at that moment was full of such spectacles. If he walked a few steps either way, he would find scores of little houses, lighted cozily and cheerily, inside of which there were tables set with steaming dishes that, reflected through the shining windows, seemed to shed a rosy glow on the placid, soft white snow before their welcoming doors. Even the greater part of Main Street itself presented a more pleasing picture than S. Richards' Law Office afforded; for its little stores were noted for their bright and attractive decorations, and the tourist's

attention was always proudly called to the brightly lighted, appealing storefronts that make Redwood—well, that made it Redwood.

Still, the brooding young man stood silently leaning against a sign that informed him that Mrs. Clark's Jelly was *good* jelly; nor did he stir until the proprietor of the store, after making sure that the fire in the old stove in the center of the store was out, and after rearranging the various articles that had been displaced during the busy day, came over to him and eyeing him curiously and not without a slight touch of suspicion, said, "Well, sir, time to go home, I guess. Got a warm fire and a hot supper waitin' for me home."

The forlorn one stirred and turned to the speaker. "Sure," he said. "So long." And he walked slowly out of the General Store and across Main Street.

The storekeeper watched him a moment and then shrugged his shoulders and went on his way. The interest and curiosity raised by the stranger was not strong enough to counteract the greater urge of warmth and shelter and food. Ever since the stranger's arrival in the morning, the conjectures about him had been, of course, many; but Mr. Taylor, being a quiet, genial man who minded his own business, had not given more than a moment's serious thought to him and said that he was welcome to his own plans so long as they didn't interfere with his (Mr. Taylor's) business.

The rest of Redwood, however, was neither as complacent nor so discreet as the goodnatured store-keeper, and the busy, curious enquirers were informed willingly all day long by Mr. Smith, the owner of Redwood's only hotel, that the newcomer's name was Robert Walters and that he appeared to be a New Yorker. This seems like small information, but Redwoodians need no more for their imaginations, and the young man would perhaps have smiled at the number of different characters he was painted to be that day.

Yet, to have seen him dejectedly crossing deserted Main Street, one would have thought that the young man needed far more than that to make him smile. That air of depression had been with him all day, and it was this, combined with his unwillingness to talk to or make friends with anyone, that contributed to the cause of the suspicion and conjectures. Nor did his attitude change when he pushed open the creaky door and entered the dimly lighted old place that was dubbed "Law Office."

Surely the crowded, gloomy little room that met Robert Walters' gaze did not tend to brighten his mood. On the contrary, it seemed to match it exactly. To accommodate prospective clients, there were two straight-backed uncomfortable chairs in it that showed the dust even in the dim light of the single bulb that hung from the stained ceiling. The shabby walls were covered by undecorative, ugly calendars from three years back, several piles of papers clipped together and hung on nails, and one large portrait of the Father of Our Country that looked sternly down upon a battered, littered old desk and a little wizened, old man bent over it.

To this man, the attention of Robert was immediately turned. He looked at the little, old figure bent absorbedly over several dry-looking, repelling books on a desk that might have horrified a prim housekeeper with its untidiness. As he gazed, the little old man looked up at him with sharp, shrewd eyes through his

old-fashioned spectacles. Aside from those keen eyes, his appearance was uninteresting. He had a sour, shriveled look on his wrinkled old face, and there were a few gray hairs on his shiny head. At a glance the eminent lawyer would be set down as *shrewd*. Of course, Samuel Richards had heard the click of the door as his visitor entered, and if he hadn't, the blast of cold air that accompanied that visitor would have told him that some one solicited his attention; but Lawyer Richards had a reputation for doing just as he had done—making his client wait in his uncomfortable office for his own pleasure. "They want me; let 'em wait," he would have said.

When Mr. Richards looked up, the young man grinned feebly, and saying, "Hello, Uncle," advanced a step.

"Well, Robert! Where have you been?" The old man answered not unpleasantly.

"I got in this morning, but they said you were off on business. I took a long walk this afternoon to kill time, so I couldn't see you until now. Er—nice country you have around here," he finished uncomfortably.

His uncle ignored this last statement. Instead he nodded his head toward one of the tortuous, straight-backed chairs and said shortly, "Sit down, Robert."

The nephew sat down in the chair nearer the battered desk and, nervously twirling his hat, he waited with downcast eyes.

"I've got your letter," the sour-looking lawyer said, sharply scrutinizing his woe-begone nephew. "I see you've lost your job."

"Yes, Uncle, there—"

"Hm! you expect me to help you? You know I told you that time that I wouldn't help you again."

"Uncle, I've got to have help. It wasn't my fault that I lost my job. They let out men by the dozens there. I haven't got a cent. I don't know anybody that could help me. You're the only one I could come to. I don't want you to give me money. I want a job." The young man leaned forward on his creaky chair. His troubled eyes were anxiously searching his uncle's relentless face.

Mr. Richards looked at his nephew keenly. "Here? In Redwood?"

Robert was desperate. "Anything! I haven't money enough now to eat. I've got to do something." He didn't tell how long he had been trying to get another position before that fateful letter had been sent.

"I suppose you pawned your watch to get here," his uncle said ironically, gazing at the confused mass of papers, letters, and books on the desk before him.

"No, I did that long ago," Robert said wearily. But he was not heard. Samuel Richards was staring intently at a paper that he had taken into his hand. Robert watched him in a wretched silence. He was not exactly overjoyed at his prospects in their brightest light. He was miserable. If this little dried-up man who was his uncle relented, he would stay on in this dead, forsaken spot; and if he didn't—somehow Robert couldn't imagine anything beyond that stage. The eerie, dim glow from the ancient electric bulb fascinated him. In his misery he sat under its spell, brooding darkly. Everything was flying from him—all control—all thought. He was going to sit there forever—just watching that dusty spectre of gloom that hypnotized him as a witch might.

Suddenly the spell was broken. The airy world he had built up crashed about him. Shafts of steel—like light pierced the black dust of gloom—

"Robert!" said his uncle sharply.

So great is the strength of day dreams when one tries to escape cold realities, and so powerful was the witchery concealed in the dusty, musty little office, that it was several minutes before Robert fully recovered his composure and was able to realize what the little attorney was saying. That didn't matter, however, for Lawyer Richards was entirely absorbed in the scrutinizing of a paper that he held tightly in his hand, and he observed it closely as he spoke.

"If you succeed," he was saying, "I'll keep you on here to work for me. This is your chance. Well?"

Robert rose and came to the desk. "What am I to do?" he asked.

The little old man looked up at his tall young nephew with the narrow, shrewd eyes of a man whose interests are but for himself. "Listen," he said.

(To be continued)

Miriam Mirmow

The White Lily

"PLEASE," said a wistful voice, "give me a flower. Tom is so fond of flowers."

Kay Parrish was on her way to a friend's, with a bouquet of choice flowers. She stopped at this appeal, and looking down, saw a little poorly-clad girl, about twelve years old.

"And who is Tom?" asked Kay, touched.

"My little brother. He fell and hurt his back, and now he can't move. The doctor says he'll never get well; and he does wish for flowers so."

Kay hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. To take a single flower from her bouquet would spoil it, so perfectly had it been arranged. But the pleading face of the child and the thought of the sick brother, was more than she could bear. She remembered too, the words of the Scripture: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." She selected the finest flower in the bouquet, a large, white lily, and gave it to the little girl.

"There," she said, "put it in water, and it will keep ever so long. And here," she added, as the child with grateful looks, turned to run away, "is something to buy a little fruit for your brother."

"Oh! won't Tom be glad!" cried Marty, and then disappeared.

It was not long before the little thing reached her home. It was a hot, close room, at the top of the house, looking into an enclosure behind.

"Is that you, Marty?" asked a weak voice. "I'm so glad."

"See here, Tom," said the sister, producing some delicious apples. "These are the very kind you like. But that's not all," she added, triumphantly producing the lily. "Just look at this!"

Tom's eyes fairly glistened with delight. In his eagerness he half rose in bed, exclaiming:

"Oh! what a beauty! Where did you get it?"

But the exertion was too much for him, and almost as soon as he had grasped the bud, he fell back on his pillow.

"How pure it looks," he murmured weakly, after a pause, "it makes me think of the angels. You good, good Marty."

"See, I'll put it in a bottle," said Marty, "in some water and it shall stand on the floor close by you. But why don't you eat an apple?"

Tom shut his eyes. "I can't, Marty," he said, "I'm not hungry. You must eat it yourself. I will lie and look at the flower."

Marty was frightened. Tom must be very bad, she knew, if he could not eat the fruit.

"Eat a little bit, dear," she begged. "It will make you feel better."

"I don't think I shall ever be better," answered Tom.

The tears rolled down the sister's face. "Don't talk so, Tom," she sobbed. "You shan't go. I can't live without you. Who will there be to care for me?"

"I've been thinking," said Tom gravely, "I think a great deal lying here, that when I'm gone, father will be different. You know that father drinks, and that's why he comes home so late; and says he can't afford to send you to school; and why he is so cross; and why—"

"Don't speak of it, dear," sobbed his sister. "I wouldn't mind if it wasn't for you."

"But I mind it, Marty, and it breaks my heart to lie here and see it. But sometimes I think, when I die, father will be different. He says he loves me and it may make him good, you see. What is it the Bible says, 'Through much tribulation.' Yes! it is through much tribulation we win the crown. What was the verse we learned at school? I keep forgetting. The one about being tired."

"Oh! I know," responded Marty, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto Me," said her brother. "He does not deceive, Marty. He will give me rest. He loves you and me, and He will take care of us. He is going to give me rest up in Heaven."

But the sister was not comforted. Tom was all the world to her. To lose him was to lose everything.

The day wore on. Night came. Tom lay looking at the lily, and no one knows how many pure thoughts it suggested to him. Now and then his sister stopped in her work, and came to see if he wanted anything. He always thanked her with a sweet smile.

"Father is late tonight," he said at last when darkness came; and he sighed.

"He will soon be here," said Marty, uttering words of hope, in which she hardly believed herself. "Try to sleep a little."

So Tom at last, fell off in a doze. Ten o'clock came and yet no father. Marty, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, crept off to bed.

It was nearly midnight when their father came. The noise woke Tom. He half rose on his elbow and looked around. At that moment the moon emerged from a cloud, and its gleaming light, falling through the window, lit up the sick boy's face—white and thin.

The father started back, sobered at once. It seemed to him as if a halo, direct from heaven, encircled his child's head.

"Father," said Tom, "come here, please."

The man went softly to his son's bedside, sank on his knees, and took the lad's thin hand tenderly in his own. He was awed.

"Be kind to Marty," said Tom, wistfully looking into his father's face. "She won't have anyone but you, when I am dead, father. Let her go to school again, please—she is so fond of school—"

"Oh, my son, my son," interrupted the now penitent father. "You will get well yet—"

"I will never get well," said Tom. "But don't cry, father. I shall see mother, you know. And by and by," and a strange look came on his face, a look of joy and faith inexpressible, "by and by, we'll all meet again, shan't we? Kiss me now, and then go to bed."

The father, choking back his sobs, kissed the boy. "I promise to be kind to Marty," he whispered. "She shall go to school. I will not drink another drop, I never will."

Tom took his little, thin arms from around his father's neck, and then sank back on his pillow, exhausted.

"How sweet the flower looks in the moonlight," thought Tom. "What a happy boy I am to have it! And to have father's promise to be better," he went on, "and to say he'll love Marty, and that he'll send her to school"—And then he lost himself in sleep.

The night passed. Morning dawned. On arising Marty's first thought was of Tom. He must be better, or he'd have called.

He *was* better. As she leaned over to look at him, Marty was startled by the strange, yet beautiful look on his face, a look of divine joy. He would never suffer more.

The lily had done its work. It had sweetened the last hours of the suffering boy, suggesting pure and beautiful thoughts; and when Kay Parrish called early the next morning, she found it lying on the breast of the dead child, clasped in his two, thin, waxen hands; and she thought of the lilies of Paradise, and of the words of the Scripture again, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least one of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Marjorie Young '32

Fate's Accomplice

IF I only had some money of my own!"

Emma Thaxton sat alone before the dying fire, thinking. It was late evening, and the room was chilly. Outside, the dismal rain was falling, changing the January snow into slush. This strange, dark house in which she sat could not be called a home. The rooms were large, very poorly heated, and filled with ugly, uncomfortable furniture. When Mrs. Thaxton, as a bride, had returned there with Dr. Thomas Thaxton, she had suggested that they might have some new furniture, but had been speedily discouraged by her husband. What had been good enough for his father and his grandfather would be good enough for

him, she was told. Dust covered everything, as the maids, who were family fixtures, had become very lazy and Mrs. Thaxton could do nothing with them.

"Of course they cannot be discharged," Dr. Thaxton had answered brusquely to his wife's timid query. "Why, they have been here ever since I can remember."

Emma Thaxton did not bring up the subject again. She had resigned herself to dust and badly cooked meals as she resigned herself to many unpleasant things during her thirty long years of married life. During this time Emma had watched her husband change from a struggling young chemist's assistant to a distinguished man, respected greatly in the world of chemical research. She had watched him each year grow more morose, more moody, more overbearing and disagreeable at home. Emma herself, had changed. She had been a beautiful young Southern belle, visiting a schoolmate in Boston, when she met Dr. Thaxton. She had been impressed by the brilliant young chemist. She realized now that she had never really loved him. She had felt greatly honored when he asked her to be his wife. They were married within two weeks. There was no reason for delay. Emma's parents were not living.

That was thirty years ago. Now, at forty-eight, Emma was a quiet, meek, tired-looking woman. Her only interest was in her children.

She had had four. Thomas Jr., the eldest, seemed like a stranger to her. He had been a quiet, serious, unattractive child, resembling his father strongly. He had graduated from Massachusetts Tech, had married well, and was working as Dr. Thaxton Sr.'s assistant. When young Thomas became engaged, how Emma had longed to speak out before it was too late, to warn his attractive fiancée that a man of Tom's disposition could never make her happy. Of course she had done nothing of the kind, but had wished the bride and bridegroom happiness in the customary way.

Anna, dark and stormy, was the eldest daughter. She seemed to embody all Emma's rebellious, though hidden, thoughts. Through her childhood she had been in continual clashes with her father. All her appeals to her mother for help and support had been met by a quiet, "Father knows best, dear." But last night Anna had come to her mother's room, her dark eyes flashing with anger, and had burst out,

"Mother, I can't bear to work in that dusty, dry, old library another day. I can't bear to be chained there all my life. You don't know how I want to break away, how I want to go to New York and take that interior decorating position. Of course, I shall get practically no salary at first as I shall be learning the ropes, but it's a wonderful opportunity. I feel that if I'm not able to go this time, I'll never get another chance. Father absolutely refuses to give me even a tiny allowance on which I could live. You don't understand how important this is to me, Mother. It means my whole life's happiness. No one understands."

She had flung herself on the bed, weeping bitterly. It was not like Anna to become hysterical. Emma had waited until her daughter became quiet, and then, with her lips set in a thin, hard line, had said simply, "I do understand. Something must be done."

She knew that Anna was clever and had talent, but she could not make her husband understand. Dr. Thaxton's decisions, once made, were inexorable.

"If I only had some money of my own." The thought kept recurring again and again.

Aleck Thaxton, now twenty-two, and just out of Yale, was charming and witty, a favorite among all his contemporaries, and the despair of his father. Dr. Thaxton wanted his youngest son to take a position in a Boston bank. He considered it a fine opening for the boy. Aleck would not hear of it. He wished to go to Paris and study painting. His work had been highly commended by some of the leading art critics in the country. They had all urged him not to give up his art but to study abroad.

"Great Scot, it would kill me to have to settle down here in Boston and become a typical American banker," Aleck had exploded to his mother. "Of course I'd never get very far in it, as I can't stand that sort of thing, you know. Father absolutely refuses to see it my way. He thinks I want to go to Paris just to play around, and have a good time wasting his money. He knows I can't go unless he gives me my passage and a little to live on. I'd pay every cent of it back. I want to paint great things and he is holding me back!"

Young Penelope grew up in this atmosphere of hate and rebellion. She was now seventeen, lovely and appealing, her violet eyes and golden hair the envy of every other debutante in Boston. She had come out socially that fall, with a tea at home. She had wanted a ball at the Somerset, but her father, now extremely wealthy, would not hear of such foolish extravagance. However, the manner of her arrival in Boston society, did not retard her popularity in the slightest. At every gathering she was surrounded by eager young men, hanging on her every word. She never brought these admirers into her own home. Suddenly, soon after New Year's day, she met and instantly fell in love with a charming but obscure young engineer. Emma liked him immensely, but her husband was determined not to give his consent to the marriage.

"You see, Mother," Penelope had explained eagerly, her cheeks flushed and eyes glowing, "we must get married right away. Ralph is going to be sent out West on the first of February. He doesn't know how long he'll be there. I have to go with him. Oh, he's wonderful, Mother! Can't you explain to Father how much it means to me? He wants me to marry Mr. Dray. Of course, I know what a fine lawyer he is and all that, but he's so old and pompous and dull. I could never care for him. Can't you explain it to Father?"

Emma could not bear to discourage the girl, so she had responded rather weakly, it seemed, that she would try. She knew that it would do no good. Why, oh why, must her children suffer for a mistake which she, herself, made thirty years ago? It wasn't fair. Was she to stand by and see their whole lives ruined? Oh, if only she had a little money of her own. But how useless it was to wish for that. Her family had been very poor. She had no one to turn to now for help. She must act alone and quickly.

As Emma sat there before the fire that rainy January evening, she was struck by a plan which had been in the back of her mind for some time, but which she had always thrust from her. Now it seemed the only way. It was the only way. If it weren't for the children, nothing could induce her to do this dreadful thing, this thing which she had been taught all her life to despise. But her mind was

made up. She planned it most carefully. If it were discovered she had nothing to live for, after all. It would be very easy. Dr. Thaxton often worked until very late in his study, and his wife usually brought him something hot before he retired. She used to creep in, leave her offering of food, and creep silently out again. Her husband rarely looked up, never spoke to her. Tonight she would do it. Only this morning she had heard young Tom and Dr. Thaxton discussing a strange oriental poison which had been sent to them to be analyzed. One drop was fatal. She had remembered the small black bottle which contained the deadly liquid. It was now twelve o'clock. Emma stole to her husband's laboratory and took the small vial. Her hands trembled but her mind was steady. She made some thick, hot soup and dropped into it a tiny amount of the poison. Having returned the bottle, she stole upstairs, took the soup to her husband's study, placed it at his elbow, and left as quietly as she had come. Within seven days, the poison would do its work.

A week later the following headlines appeared in the *Boston Transcript*:

"Untimely Death of Dr. Thomas J. Thaxton
Eminent Chemist Dies Quietly in his Sleep
Well-known in World of Chemical Research
Loss will be felt deeply."

Thus did the outer world accept the news. In the Thaxton family great relief was felt by the three youngest children though they did not express it in words. Penelope was married very quietly and left for her new home in Oregon. Aleck sailed for Paris, and Anna set off for New York.

Left alone, Emma began to doubt whether she had done right. Should she have taken the great responsibility of ending a man's life? Was she the one to decide? She was overcome with remorse. Within six months Mrs. Thaxton was an inmate of a sanatorium for the hopelessly insane.

People nodded their heads wisely and said, "Poor dear, her illness was brought on by her husband's death, no doubt. She must have been very devoted to him."

Nancy Walker '32

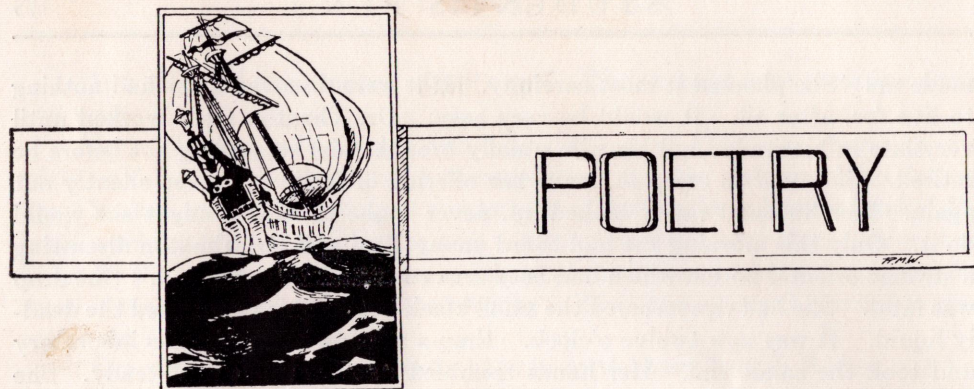
Spring Fever

In spring—there comes an itching
Like nothing else I know,
It seems I get a-wishing
For some new place to go.

All day I sit and listen
To birds and breezes sing,
And to their voices hearken
While all my thoughts take wing.

I travel o'er the mountains
Deep into valleys, too,
And then—I just awaken,
Still longing for the new.

F. T. Eddy '33



Messengers of Spring

Tiny, silver raindrops
Falling overhead
Wake me, saying, "Come now,
Rise up from your bed."

Tiny, silver raindrops
Wash away all snow,
Seem to say to Winter,
"Time for you to go—"

Tiny, silver raindrops
Say to everyone,
"Spring has come at last, so
Welcome flow'rs and sun."

Nancy Walker '32

Souvenirs

I open the trunk and peep within,
The faded lace so dainty and thin
Is spread before my delighted eyes,
The lace great-grandmother did so prize.

The old love letters tattered and torn,
The wedding dress my mother had worn,
A photograph album with pictures and rhymes.
Memento of grandmother's girlhood time.

Now here is a heart that is broken in two,
It is a fair pink with a ribbon of blue;
As I close down the lid, I shed a sad tear,
For the tender old memories of loved ones so dear.

Marion Gale '34

The Wind

Wild,—shrieking high, and rushing far—
Above the hills and darkening vales—
The wind comes forth—his voice upraised—
In furious onslaught 'gainst the earth.

His heralds, clouds of misty gray,
Scud fearfully across the sky,
And, all mindful of his rage—
They make obeisance to his might.

With ruthless hand he flings to earth—
The gleaming rain and glistening hail—
Then turns his fury to the heights—
To tear the clouds and fling them down,
While in their stead come moon and stars—
All calm and distant in the night.

E. R. NicholSEN '32

The Wreck

High on the rock-bound stormy coast,
A vessel lay—her mastheads gone,—
Her hull agape,—
Her decks awash,—while round about—
The tossing waves tolled her dirge—with thunderous tone.

With watery hands they loosed the beams,
And flung her planking to the deep—
Their fingers scraped the black-caulked seams—
Till all was gone, and nought remained
But rock and wave and clouded sky.

E. NicholSEN '32

Flowers

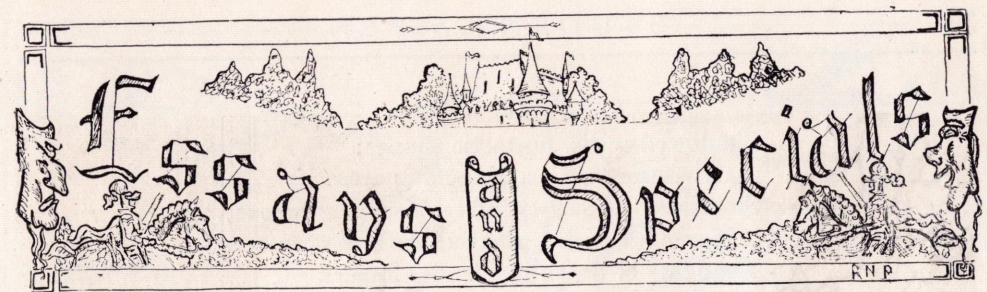
You're just a little flower
But oh, how much you mean
To the frail cripple girl
Who little of life has seen.
You're just another creature
Of this great world of ours,
But oh, how much of love you bring,
You lovely little flowers.

Elizabeth Allen '33



A FRIENDLY ROAD

by Erik Stahl



A Friendly Road

A HILL, vested in the beautifully green mantel of early Spring, is curiously decorated by a tiny, velvety ribbon of a yellowish hue, which clings tenaciously to the emerald, and bravely struggles upward until it disappears over the crest. We follow this little country road, and find that we, too, must struggle in order that we may reach the top; but, when once we have arrived at our destination, the scene changes from one of strife and endeavor to one of quiet peace. A windmill, bathed in sunlight, gives the vista, before our eyes, the musty, not unpleasant atmosphere of ancient days and deeds. The road, now smoothly flowing through light and shade, is lost as it curves behind the mill. We know not where it goes nor what happens to it; we allow the present to suffice. A house stands below the level of the road so that only the roof is visible, but that is enough to tell us that all is calm and serene at that spot. The shade of the trees, which almost form a canopy over our heads, invites us to rest. We loll in the luxurious grass, and slowly our minds begin to digress from the tangible to the intangible.

Is not life like this friendly road, struggling against obstacles, sometimes flowing through darkness only to come upon light? Spots like the little vista are found along the way, where everything seems to take a rest, where we find time to ransack our memories, which are in the sunlight of happiness or in the shadow of sorrow, in virtue of their significance to us. Beyond this resting place we know not what life is bringing to us next. However, let us take the road as it comes, being ready to enjoy all things good and beautiful by the wayside.

Erik Stahl '33

Night==Day

Shadowed walls, fantastic shapes;
 Gruesome figures, crouching apes.
 Smothered thoughts 'mid whispering breeze;
 Nervous minds—gloating darkness tease.
 Thoughts of death by slender fingers,
 Haunts and forever lingers.
 Night rolls by with ceaseless tread;
 Morning will break; we aren't dead.
 Familiar sights, well known ways;
 Fill our thoughts through the days.
 Nights bring darkness horror, fear
 But—remember—day draws near.

Nights are like that. They bring darkness and memories; fear of the past meeting the future; terror of sombre and silent stillness. The shafts of moonlight sifting in through airy curtains enhances the scene; adds to the hideous, irregular shadows on the darkened walls. A silent and dramatic farce—Night.

Like a scene after the rising farce, it stands holding the imagination and compelling the mind to follow it with fixed glance. The figures crouching by the bed and on the walls sway; the curtains, like rustling ghosts, dance with fiendish delight at the breath-taking atmosphere. Motion picture characters, latest murders, gangster fights—all return in this appropriate setting and hover around the room. Hunchbacks, snarling gangsters, hideous faces, slender, menacing fingers, slant-eyed Chinese, shadow your mind and laugh—blood-curdling, deathly laughs.

Day—the drama now at its climax, generously shifts to beauty. The darkness wanes, and day with its golden light, glides softly in and erases the havoc night has wrought. Its clear sweetness distills the nervous, excited dread, and places its refreshing fingers on a pale, horror-worn face. Familiar sights, where night's companions lurked, greet and hearten the weary eye.

Night—a frightful episode, but a preface to glorious day.

Elizabeth Allen '33

Dreams

Sort of hopeless, all my dreams—
 Futile—yet they lure me on.
 Mermaids in a restless sea,—
 Wreaths that glimmer, then are gone.

E. Nichol森 '32



At the time of this writing we have just finished perusing a large number of February issues, many of them devoted to the observance of George Washington's Bicentennial. That the student poets, editors, and essayists have been inspired is quite obvious; for they have used considerable space in commemorating famous birthdays.

Foremost among the patriots are the editors of *Bennett Beacon*, the publication of Bennett High School in Buffalo. Although the *Beacon* is issued only four times annually, the young journalists have put forth a most attractive book honoring the first President. The cover presents an alluring illustration, while the clever makeup of the news departments is by far too good for the "obsolete" items. But the students at Bennett may probably be preserving the numbers of the *Beacon* for historical purposes; so the news stories are ever-living documents of their school life.

The Albany Academy students did not have a George Washington issue; but the June class of 1932 received fair warning from their president. In the last copy of *The Cue*, the board featured an excellent editorial written by the class officer, in which he vigorously attacked those graduates-to-be who were neglecting studies and who, in spite of this neglect, intended to take college board exams. We like the Exchange Department with its constructive criticisms. *The Cue* is a news magazine, and its creative contributors make it complete.

Despite the fact that there are many other splendid February exchanges in our possession, the equally good issues which we received at the beginning of the year deserve comment.

The *Chronicle* from Danbury, Conn., is an interesting publication. Its unique column, a clever adaptation of Winchell's newspaper feature, reveals little known items concerning the school. We enjoyed the detective stories and feel certain they are popular with the student body.

No other cover drawings which we have seen thus far have rivalled the high degree of skill of the artists of *The Camden Record*! *Entre-Nous* is ludicrous, while the Letter Box column proves that high school students in Camden, New Jersey are no different from those in Pittsfield.

The Exchange Editor of the *Camden Record* realizes the pride with which we of P. H. S. regard our new building. In Camden, (N. J.) High School the students are cramped considerably because of overcrowded conditions.

Although the members of the school are hoping the city will provide new quarters, school authorities hesitate to undertake the immense expenditure of building a new structure.

Those of us here at Pittsfield High who were obliged to put up with a similar situation not so long ago appreciate the feelings of the Camden H. S. students.

English High School is, no doubt, a school for boys. *The Record* with its amusing cartoons, complete sport write-ups, lack of poetry, "he man" stories, and other features, truly represents English High.

The "Knowest Thou" contribution to *Brocktonia* (Brocton, Mass.) is an information bureau.

The columnist of the *Leith Academy Magazine* has an important question to ask. This young fellow whose school is located in Edinburgh, Scotland writes, "What teacher believes in Americanisms?" We assure you that there are no Scotch jokes in this book; but the boys make witty comments about the "Buy British" Campaign.

Hermonite of the Mt. Hermon school assures its readers that the June, 1932 graduating class will have an eloquent graduation orator. The newspaper recently announced that Dr. S. Parkes Cadman will be the speaker.

Searles High School in Great Barrington, Mass. interests the people there so much the *Searles Spectator* is sold on news stands.

F. N.
E. J. M.

Dixon: "Did you pass your exam?"

Woitkoski: "Well, you see it was like this—"

Dixon: "Neither did I. Shake!"

* * * *

Ben Jaffe: "Shall we join the ladies?"

Ed Johnson: "Do you think I'm a surgeon?"

* * * *

Sweet Thing: "Do you really love me?"

Archie Allen: "What do you think I was doing last night, shadow boxing?"

* * * *

Why Home Room Teachers Get Grey

A teacher in a room of Sophomore B's found on a registration card:

Question: "What are your parents' names?"

Answer: "Mama and Papa."

* * * *

Greenwood: "How did you know that the driver in the car ahead was a school teacher?"

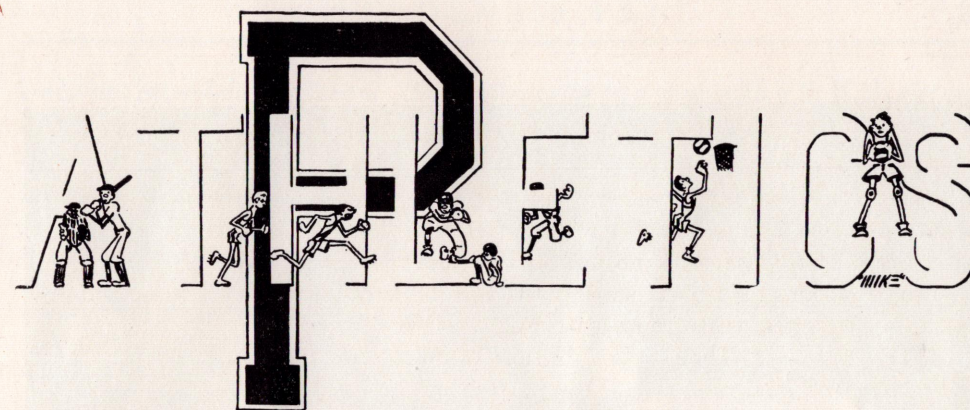
Condron: "Oh, she was so stubborn about letting me pass."

* * * *

He: "Do you dance?"

She: "I love to."

He: "Then let's love."



Basketball Team Has Good Season

The Pittsfield High School basketball team, despite its poor start last December, had a successful season. Following a series of defeats, the quintet improved suddenly to conquer its opponents, closing in a blaze of glory by defeating the St. Joseph's aggregation in two bitterly fought games, a feat which Purple and White basketball aggregations had failed to achieve in the last six successive years.

Bud Ramsay and Ed Hickey formed a smoothly-working guard combination that saved many games. Captain Joe Woitkoski was an aggressive leader and high scorer, with 63 points, Hickey tallied 42.

P. H. S. had a wealth of reserves which were used to good advantage. Arpanti, Barnini, Phelan, and Sangiovanni had to play often when regulars were sent from the game for several personal fouls, or when they were injured. Johnny Gull, a Sophomore B will probably see considerable service next winter. Controy is the only regular who will not have graduated by then.

Edward Michelson

RESUME OF THE SEASON

Poughkeepsie	26	Pittsfield	16	Pittsfield	21	Drury	19
*Alumni	16	Pittsfield	13	Pittsfield	22	Dalton	20
Holyoke	24	Pittsfield	21	Pittsfield	19	St. Joseph's N. A.	18
*Pittsfield	17	Adams	14	*Pittsfield	23	Poughkeepsie	15
Dalton	16	Pittsfield	15	*Holyoke	25	Pittsfield	9
*Pittsfield	23	Drury	22	Williamstown	32	Pittsfield	13
Williamstown	29	Pittsfield	15	*Boy's Club	26	Pittsfield	22
*Lenox	26	Pittsfield	16	*Pittsfield	24	Boy's Club	12
St. Joseph's N. A.	15	Pittsfield	11	Pittsfield	23	St. Joseph's	22
				Pittsfield	24	St. Joseph's	14

*Home Games

Donald Burbank '34

Team Wins City Title In Basketball for First Time Since 1925

The Pittsfield Auditorium, jammed to capacity on the evenings of March 11th and 22nd was the theater of war for the annual Pittsfield High—St. Joseph's classic, the Purple and White conquering twice to bring to an end the six-year basketball reign of the parochial teams. Coach Stewart's combine, consisting of one regular veteran, three of last year's substitutes, and a capable sophomore entered both frays with their opponents as favorites.

From beginning to end, the first game was a bitter struggle. Referees McCarthy and Williamson called many fouls, accidental ones, caused in many cases by the slippery floor of the dance pavilion. The St. Joseph's boys put up a game fight although two of their stars were on the injured list and Coach St. James



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Coach Miss Ward, Anna Berte, Lucy Eulian, Vera Wilker
Front Row—Geraldine Smith, Capt. Louise Zahn, Mabel Bastow

could not attend due to illness. The battle came to a close with a P. H. S. victory by a 23-22 score.

Cassella and Sangiovanni returned to St. Joe's line-up on the 22nd but the Hickey-Ramsay guard combination made them helpless. Pittsfield was out to win and was playing inspired basketball. When Dixon was ousted in the first half on account of the four personal fouls ruling, Coach had satisfactory reserves and Barnini, who was sent in, played as well a game as could be desired of any regular. Johnny Phelan continued to prevent Cassella from scoring after Hickey had left the game.

Ed Hickey's guarding was the feature of the deciding tilt while Captain Woitkoski's scoring power, eleven out of twenty-four points, won him much credit. The score at the end of a hectic game, replete with thrills, was 25-14.

E. J. M.

Looking Backward

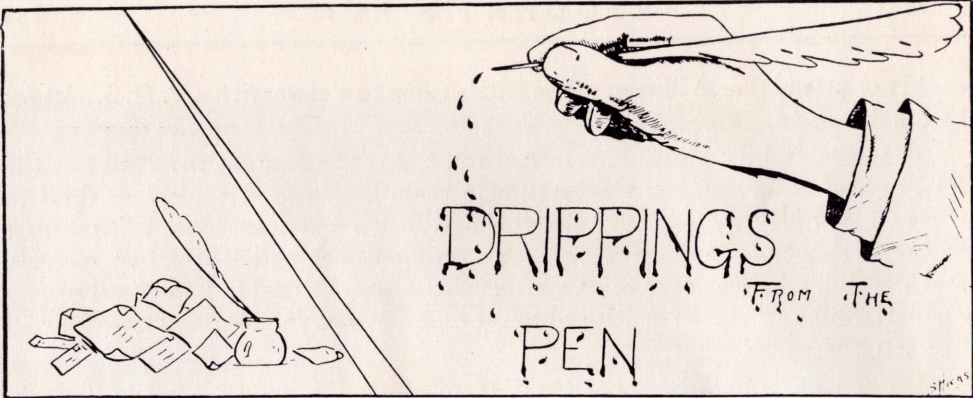
At the beginning of the basketball season, the general opinion of the sport critics was that our team was going to have a bad season, but through the capable guidance of Coach Stewart, the team improved steadily. The spirit shown by the team is a true example of the spirit shown by our former Championship teams. P. H. S. will never forget the team of 1924, which won the State Championship and participated in the sixth annual National Interscholastic Basketball Tournament at Chicago.

P. H. S. won the first two games, defeating East High of Columbus 23-19, and Rock Springs 21-9, but lost the third to Manchester by the close score of 19-15. A trophy presented to the team may be seen in the trophy collection. Coach Carmody, who was mentor of that team, vividly recalls each member of the squad. The regulars were: Controy, whose brother plays with Pittsfield at present, is now a member of Dehey's orchestra; Nelligan, who is working for the Telephone Company in New Jersey; Donnybusky, who plays with the Y. M. H. A. in the city league; Heister, who is teaching in Northern New York and coaching basketball; Stickels, who is playing with Froy's All-Stars in the City league and practicing law. The substitutes were: Whalen, who is at Fordham; Doyle, who is a carpenter with the Gall Construction Company; and Coffey who is assistant superintendent of a mill.

S. Boxer

Junior Girl Hoopsters Champions of School

To the Junior Girls' Basketball team go the laurels for winning the Inter-Class Basketball Championship. The successful team was awarded this honor after defeating the Senior Girls' Team twice (scores: 29-9, 18-10) and winning two of the three hard fought close games from the Sophomore team (scores: in favor of Juniors, 19-12, 20-15; in favor of Sophomores, 22-20). The Sophomores defeated the Senior Girls' Team in two games (scores: 33-10, 18-12).



“—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—”

The recently enrolled sophomores of P. H. S. have revealed such phenomenal intelligence that we of *The Pen* no longer need to publish the famous Children's Column. We do feel, however, that a few pages of nonsense each month, gossip a-la Winchell, verse unsuitable for the poetry department, jokes comparatively new, and other features would enliven the magazine's humor section. The editors of this department extend a cordial invitation to any student who desires to contribute any comments, letters, or articles to "Drippings." Even food is acceptable.

Perhaps you want to see if we know any news about the teachers. We do. A lady with a fine disposition, who is instructor in a very dry subject, listens to Rudy Vallee every Thursday night.

A sarcastic student (?) at St. Joseph's says that Coach Stewart's son, Edward, has such a drag that he may get the quarterback assignment on the 1932 football machine. Stewart Jr. is two months old.

Mr. Herrick and Mrs. Herrick are neighbors of a member of this staff. Who is Mrs. Herrick? She's Mr. Herrick's mother!

Mr. Goodwin has cut Latin assignments in his Vergil prose class.

Warning to Mr. Strout—you can't get Mahatma Ghandi to speak at the June graduation exercises. He is in jail.

Miss Lucy Mangan is reliable, especially when it comes to mimeographing *Penpoints* for *The Student's Pen* Club every week.

Mr. Geary likes class advising and amusing sophs who mistake him for a student.

Archie Allen may be bashful, but he likes traffic posts in conspicuous places. . . . J. H. of *The Eagle* knows Mr. Joyce as "Jack". . . Don't get too familiar. . . . A. P. G. girl who is brunette and dances well is wild about Russ Columbo. . . Are we jealous? . . . Naw . . . Too many of us stay up late to hear good jazz orchestras. . . And Miss Kaliher keeps us awake in the history class with her intellectual lectures . . . Miss Nagle, we want to see your new Latin book. When will it be published? . . . Norm Hildreth is proud of the *Pittsfield Mathematician*. . . Bob Newman, who edited "Drippings" two years ago, is now on the staff of the Dartmouth *Jack-O-Lantern*.

Mr. Ford is our choice for the most patient member of the faculty; Mr. Murray, the jolliest; and Mr. ———, the most handsome. . Send us your votes, girls. Mr. Russell and Mr. Herberg ought to put on a "two dollar word" contest for the benefit of the unemployed of Pittsfield and Hinsdale. . . Mr. Sheridan, according to the files of *The Student's Pen*, was called "Pete" by his classmates. We wonder if the dignified Mr. McKenna uses that appellation in addressing his fellow worker.

Seen Somewhere in the Building

In a study hall, a confiscated copy of Ballyhoo. In the lunchroom, a student combing his hair. In the telephone booth, two stout girls. In "Sophomoreville," (third floor west wing) a Senior A girl flirting with a brute of a yearling. In the office, a trembling athlete looking for Mr. Strout. In the library, a mob of English students learning about George Washington's ideals (Last month).

If you think Coach Stewart gives plenty of pep talk before a big game, you should hear Mr. Nugent before he sends his adgetters on the trail of local merchants. . Speaking of athletic coaches, Archie Allen was basketball mentor for the second team when it clashed with the Adams reserves. Somehow his bunch won.

Have you heard the new Bowtie song? "You call it madness, bowtie call it love."

Tourist (looking at Venus de Milo): "One thing those old Greeks had on us; when they talked disarmament, they disarmed."

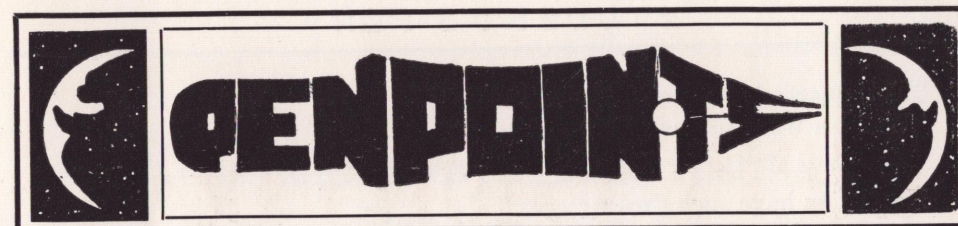
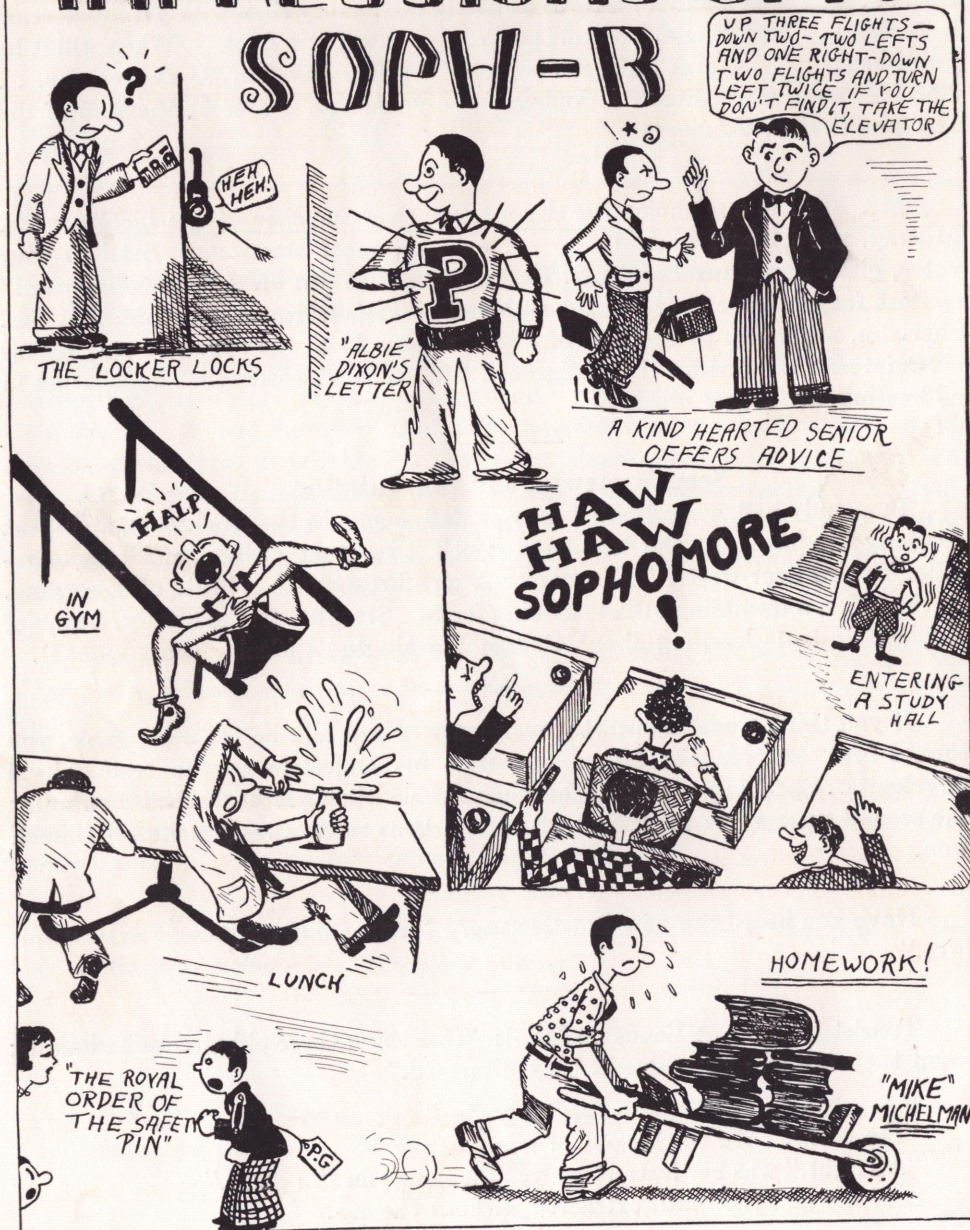
* * * *

"I'm sorry. We've run out of gas."
"All right," was her instant reply, "I'll show you I'm game."
And she had the tooth extracted without the gas.

* * * *

Miss Solon: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"
Elms: "I did; it was a quarter past ten."

IMPRESSIONS OF A SOPH-B



Miss Kelly: "Can you act?"

Dixon: "Act! Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent, who was in the audience, fainted."

* * * *

Case: "I heard of a New Ashford farmer who made a fortune off the wild oats sown on his land."

She: "Really?"

Case: "Yes, he caught a millionaire making love to his daughter."

* * * *

Newspaper Boy: "Mornin' Herald?"

Mr. Lynch: "Morning, Sidney."

* * * *

"Irene is looking rather old lately."

"Yes, her schoolgirl complexion seems to have graduated."

* * * *

Father: "Why were you out late last night?"

Student: "After the dance my girl friend wanted some popcorn and we had to drive all over town to find some."

Father: "And I suppose you used the hairpins I found to pick your teeth."

* * * *

Husband (at the theater): "This play makes me think."

Wife: "Yes, it's a most extraordinary play."

* * * *

She was only a watchmaker's daughter, but she made the minutes count.

* * * *

Freak: "Did Mary marry her partner in the flying-trapeze act?"

Dwarf: "No, she decided to drop him."

* * * *

Mr. Canavan: "Did you have much snow in Lanesboro this year?"

E. Case: "A fair amount, but my neighbor had more."

Mr. Canavan: "How could he have more?"

E. Case: "He has more land than I have."

* * * *

Policeman: "I found them clutching one another, wrestling, and fighting all over the road."

Prisoner: "It isn't true, your honor; we weren't fighting at all when he grabbed us—we were just trying to separate each other."

* * * *

First Youth: "I write to my folks once a week."

Second Ditto: "I didn't know you went broke so often."

"This quarter's no good; it won't ring."

"Waddya want for two bits—chimes?"

* * * *

He: "You have such dreamy eyes."

She: "Well, no wonder. It's one o'clock."

* * * *

A liar is a fellow who says that nobody in his family ever kicks about the house being either too cold or too hot.

* * * *

"What ho, the guard!"

"There is no guard, Sire. It rains."

"Then, what ho, the mud guard!"

* * * *

Senior: "What are you eating, kid?"

Soph: "Soup. Are you deaf?"

* * * *

Mr. Lynch: "How come you're always half asleep in class?"

Student: "Noises in my head keep me awake nights."

Mr. L.: "That's impossible."

Student: "How's that?"

Mr. L.: "You can't transmit sound through a vacuum."

* * * *

"How old am I, boy friend? If you must know, sweet sixteen."

"I asked your age, not your hotel room number."

* * * *

Foreman: "Where are you going to dump that load of dirt?"

Truck-driver: "Oh, I expect we'll dig a hole somewhere to put it in."

* * * *

"My worst sin," she said, sadly, "is vanity; I spend hours at a time before the mirror admiring my beauty."

"That's not vanity, darling," replied her friend, "that's imagination."

"Beautiful concepts are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense.

A composition for cheapness, and not excellence, is the most frequent and certain cause, of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufacturing."

—JOHN RUSKIN.

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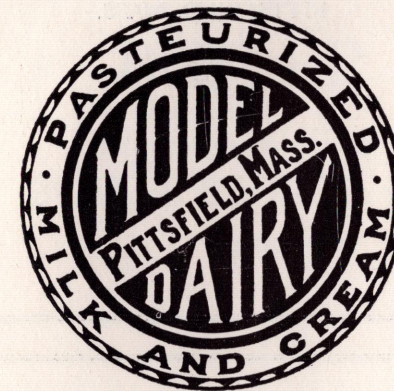
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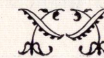


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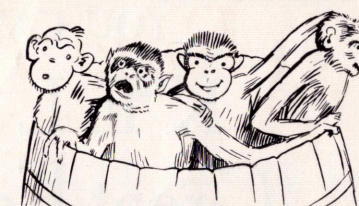
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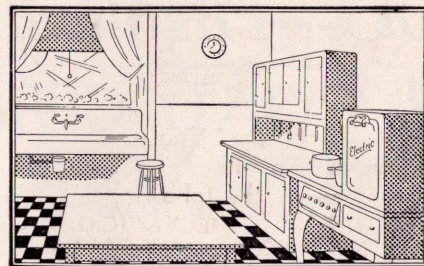
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